

PRESIDENT WILSON DECLARES BRITAIN MUST PAY HEAVILY FOR INROADS ON U. S. TRADE

Asserts That Damages Will
be Claimed for Raids
on Ships.

AUSTRIANS LOSE THE PASSES

Keep Up Their Record of Brutal
Machinations; Germans Capture Im-
portant Positions in Warfare of the
Trenches, Britons Admitting Loss.

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—President Wilson, referring to the American note to Great Britain insisting on better treatment for American citizens, declared that large damages eventually would have to be paid by England for unlawful detention of American citizens.

The President concluded a confirmation of that morning's publication of the sending of the note and of its contents with the statement that the Government could deal confidently with the subject until it was supported by absolute, honest, unfeigned. He said the very embarrassment to the government was that some shippers had concealed contraband in the cargoes of non-combatant articles, for example, under a cargo of cotton. So long as there were instances of that kind, the president said suspicion would rest upon every shipment and all cargoes would be delayed and searched.

The president pointed out that many protest documents had been sent in since the case and that of the contention of the American government was correct, as he was firmly convinced. P. was plans for identification, ultimately would have to be met by Great Britain.

Supplementary to previous protests, the new note, President Wilson explained, represented fully the position of the United States, saying that so far as theory was concerned, there was no debate on the point raised because England herself, in previous wars, had taken exactly the American position.

AUSTRIANS BEATEN, BUT
GERMANS GAIN IN WEST

By Associated Press.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—British observers of the progress of the war point this morning to the admissions in the Austrian official announcement that Russia is once more master of the passes in the Alpine mountain passes and that the two armies the Austro-German front will be forced back. This means the withdrawal of virtually all the forces which started across the mountains to form the extreme right wing in the combined Austro-German attack on the Russian armies and it marked another surprise reversal of form on the part of the Austrian soldiers, whose battle fortunes since the outbreak of hostilities have been conspicuously erratic.

Elsewhere in the eastern arena of the war little change has been perceived while on the western front the slow and laborious warfare goes on unimpeded, with only slight variations on a side.

The British press, needless the importance of the withdrawal of Austria which has been forced by the Russian successes, noted that the strategic value of these positions has been emphasized recently in a dispatch from Sir John French, commanding chief of the British forces. They constitute an important outcrop of the river Ise, which the German forces have been holding tenaciously. The taking of these trenches gives them a strong foothold.

At a Zeppelein raid over England which is more or less unopposed has been repelled by the possibility of a raid by German aircraft. The comparative ease with which English forces reached Chavasse's driven home the idea that a Zeppelein raid would not be a serious threat.

PARIS, Dec. 29.—The French official statement on the progress of the war given out this afternoon reiterates the earlier minor French successes and mentions violent bombardment of certain French positions by German artillery.

The French have occupied a village called in the Argonne and are investing Stenbach in Upper Alsace.

ADVANCES ARE MADE BOTH
EAST AND WEST BY GERMANS

By Associated Press.

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The German official statement given out in Berlin today says the German attacks in Poland have made progress and that Russian advances have been repulsed.

The war in this sector was apparently won by the Allies, and now the Germans are on the who is won the war. The French, British, and Russian forces have been repulsed in the west, and the German forces have been repulsed in the east.

At the German war ministry the German forces in the Argonne and Upper Alsace are making progress, while the French forces in the west are making progress, and the British forces in the east are making progress.

SCANDINAVIAN LOSSES
IN NORTH ARE HIGH HEAVY

By Associated Press.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Dec. 29.—The total losses to Scandinavia in shipping, British mine director, were as follows up to mid-December:

Sweden: Eight ships and 60 lives.

Denmark: Six vessels and six lives.

Norway: Five vessels and six lives.

The German losses were:

Prussia: Four ships and 100 prisoners.

Field Marshal Von Hindenburg and Aids; They Lead Army of 1,000,000 in Poland



FIELD MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (C) AND STAFF

PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

AIMS AT HIS SWEETHEART, MAN SLAYS A LITTLE GIRL

Jealous Jersey Suitor Said to Have
Confessed Shooter Child
Through Window.

By Associated Press.

PHILADELPHIA, N. J., Dec. 29.—The mystery surrounding the end of the girl holding the window at a distance of 300 yards and whether a group of men appear at the French and the German open fire. The French forces therefore are always prepared at a run while pedestrians always are ready to throw themselves flat on the ground when a shot falls near at hand so as to avoid splinters.

Strangely enough a number of boys whose families are among those remaining in the side streets and often refuse to obey the orders of officers who bid them not to expose themselves.

Some of the suburbs, particularly Jersey and St. Catherine, are constantly under fire, while the railway station and the hospital directly below the mountain are in constant danger, even where untouched by a projectile.

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fortunes since the outbreak of hostilities have been conspicuously erratic.

YANKEE WARSHIPS MADE
NO THREATS ON TURKS

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Captain Oman, commanding the armored cruiser, North Carolina, at Beirut, Syria, informed the Navy Department today that it was a British cruiser and not an American vessel which recently threatened to bombard Tripoli.

Captain Oman's explanation was made in response to a request from Secretary Daniels. He reported that no American merchant vessel had been shot at by the British.

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Secretary Daniels,

SCOTTDALE

Special to The Courier. TUESDAY, Dec. 29.—George McLean, son of the former Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McLean, hardware dealers, came near getting a fine Christmas gift, but it arrived a couple of days late. Now he is getting up the snakes over the arrival of a son on Monday. The youngster was so big that the doctor's scales would not weigh it, the boy afterwards putting down the scales because from the High street doorway to 12 pounds, the biggest boy to come to town in a long time.

CHARLTON STEVENSON.

Clark Stevenson died on South Side, Pittsburgh, on Sunday night. He was a brother of the late Samuel G. Stevenson, one of this place, and Allen Stevenson, son of Woodrow and Mrs. William Laton of Economy.

On Chestnut street between Parker and Pittsburgh streets, a pair of eye-glasses, Reward is returned to 501 Parker avenue in Bell phone 1515, or 144—Adv.

NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Huston and Mrs. Jessie Huston were visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Burton of Uniontown on Friday.

Mr. George T. McLean of Alverton was shopping here on Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Morey of Duncansdale was calling on friends here Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Miller of Youngstown, O., were the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Miller of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stoner were visiting Mr. and Mrs. George McLean on Christmas.

Miss Z. M. Buttner, one of the students of the Indiana State Normal, is spending her holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Buttner.

John V. Chamberlain of the Scottsdale Machine & Manufacturing Company spent the holidays at his home in Washington, Pa.

Miss Adeline Anderson is home from the Indiana State Normal, where spending her holiday with her mother, Mrs. Adeline Anderson.

Charles E. Dugan of Point Marion was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dugan on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Meigs of Hazelton were here over Christmas. Meigs is the father of Mrs. Leo J. Meigs, the former parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. O'Connor.

Missa Jason Walker, a student at the Indiana State Normal school, is spending her holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker.

C. A. Bowles of Economy is here visiting his mother this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Edwards were visiting relatives in Pittsburgh over Sunday.

Thomas King of Duquesne University is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. King over the holidays.

Miss Isabella Pittman, who is attending school in New York, is spending her vacation here. She last visited, Miss J. J. Pittman.

Elizabeth Walla is a student at the Indiana State Normal. Pittsburg, Pa., spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John V. Walla.

Miss Katherine Brooks of McKeesport is here visiting her friend, Mr. J. C. Steffens, for a few days.

Harry Pindell, a student in a college in Ohio, is here to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pindell, who are here visiting their son, Harry, who is here visiting their mother during the vacation.

Edgar King is here in Pittsburg, Pa., spending his time here for a few days to visit his father, John Kennedy.

Matthew Williams, son of Boston Mass, was here over the holidays visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Heber spent Sunday in Uniontown visiting their mother, Mrs. Mary Patterson Heber, a widow of Pittsburgh, O., the great-aunt of Mrs. John McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson of Clinton, O., are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Nease of Pittsburgh are here visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kennedy.

Joseph Owen of Memphis, Tenn., and Joseph Davis of Indiana, Indiana, are here visiting their father, J. P. Owen.

Miss May Allen, Mrs. B. D. Allen's daughter, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Allen.

Miss May Parker, who is taking a post-graduate course at Columbia University, New York, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker.

Miss Jessie and Mr. J. D. Dink are here spending Christmas in Monroe, O., visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dink.

PETEY DINK—But Then Mabel Doesn't Smoke.

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HATS for WINTER

Match Picturesqueness of Costumes



Sailors and Turbans, Eccentrically Brimmed the Mainstay of New Millinery - Feathers Crushed Flat and Mounting To Unparalleled Heights - Blackbirds Perch Saucily On Small Hats.

SAILORS and turbans are more magnificently and ingeniously arranged than ever before. The picture hats, for example, from the way they are received by fashion, are the most pretty and most varied hats ever imagined. In the picture hats, the arrangement is full, and a woman with a small face and indomitable features. The large-faced women with strong, characteristic features should never attempt one of these saucy, blithe shapes. If she is wise, she will adopt one of the new sailors, made of soft swathing of velvet and with brim broken in like in one of the new original ways. But all women are not wise, as attested by the number of foolish military and naval combinations already observed in the restaurants and at other places where women徘徊 together to exploit their new vogue for the season. The other afternoon at the Robeux millinery shop, I saw her hate drawn up so tightly that the head seemed all heavy load, loaded nose and ears. Against her skin, a modish coiffure was a tiny tuque of blue velvet - a Robeux model, excellent in itself but absurdly small for the big head and face of its wearer. A coiffure in the jeweled blue shade of the hat mounted to a dizzy height. Now this blue hat would have been delightful on a younger woman with a small-faced face. She could have carried off the style and the hat would have been gay instead of absurd, but for some inexplicable reason the big woman with large features always seems to puzzle and perplex, and her naughtier, ankles no doubt to please a profitable customer, lets her, unadvised, on her way to destruction.

There are some women who know instinctively, what shapes will and will not be becoming to their styles. Their chief care when at the milliner's, is to select right lines. Style and color considerations come second. How many other women there are, glad who, admiring a certain type of hat because it appeals to their ideal for themselves, say it, not as it will look on them, but as a hat that will make them nearer the type they yearn to be. All this is rather subtle, but for example, we all know the short, fat, dumpy woman whose longing is to be "slim" and "fascinating"; the big, plump woman who admires only the coquettish and vivacious type; and the thin, little body who desires above all things to be dashingly and independent in style. And it is so easy to select the hat that fits, what one would like to be instead of what one is!

Tete de Negre Fashionable. The woman with a large face, for example, should never select a hat like the small turban selected - with an outspreading cluster of raveled ostrich, but she may wear very successfully the picture velvet sailor with soft curled ostrich feathers mounted at either side of the front and the soft feathered frill of the braised ostrich. A Robeux sailor of black velvet has a narrow, even brim fringed all around with monkey fur which droops over the narrow brim into the wearer's eyes. Above the band of fur is a smart band of white-edged black moire ribbon with mitered ends at one side exactly like the ribbon ends on a small boy's summer sailor hat.

Both of these hats are in the chequered brown color which is the shade of the season. Chocolate is not merely "dark brown," it is a special tone of brown which is rarely beautiful and its soft, framing lines.

Not all the new shapes are eccentric and outrageous by any means. Picture hats will be in high favor very shortly, after a few of the most fascinating styles have been tried on in



The Balance Between Shape and Trimming is Perfect

plumage, also very fashionable this fall, in spite of dire predictions of those who sincerely believe that peacock feathers are harbingers of ill luck. A Robeux sailor of navy blue velvet has two peacock feathers in glistening green and blue tones, one at either side of the crown. The feathers start from the back, where the quill ends are thrust through the brim, the "eyes" of the feather coming at the front.

Still another fringed sailor is illustrated in the Lewis model of black velvet with an extremely tall split ostrich plume riding from the front. Still, and not braided, ostrich has been used. In this case, the ends of the feathers being slightly curled in and plaited effect. One long plume of the ostrich feathers is tucked under the plait, the other tucks under the plait, the plait being held in place under a smart little bow of black picot ribbon. This hat is all black - velvet feathers and ribbon bow.

Blackbirds On Winter Hats.

Some of the new natty trimmings are very interesting - notably the dazzling blackbirds made of metal and feathers. They are the blackbirds and the blackbirds are admirable and given an almost metallic note of note to small black velvet sailors. Usually the brim of such a sailor is much narrower at the front than at back on sides and the brim is posed dashingly against this narrow brim in front. There are also metal roses and metal leaves, and some of the color effects are very rich and attractive. Peacock blue and green hats promise to be extremely popular, and these iridescent trimmings are particularly beautiful on green or blue velvets.

Picture Hats For Her Who Loves Them. Not all the new shapes are eccentric and outrageous by any means. Picture hats will be in high favor very shortly, after a few of the most fascinating styles have been tried on in

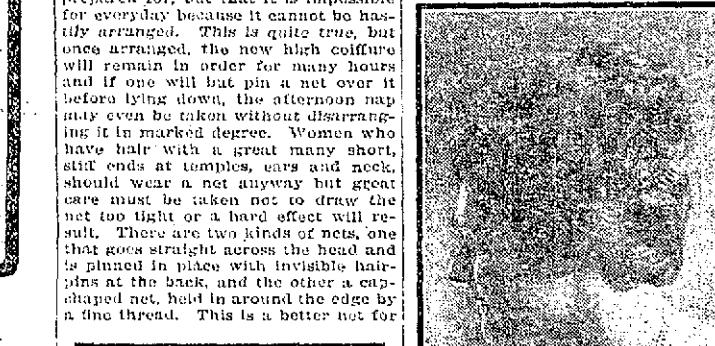
Coiffures now Show the Shape of the Head

WHATSOEVER the head is a pretty shape or not, its contour is now revealed by the hair arrangement - a fact which is sometimes more patently than pleasantly evident, for not all women have well-shaped heads. Braided in fashion demands close hair-dressing, however, especially within the head, a chance for the matter of revealing unattractive looking symmetrical bumps here or there, too high forehead and ears that are anything but "shell-like." It must be confessed that the

hair must have been cut to be curled offener and a gas flame, will answer for this. Always wipe off a gas-heated curling iron very carefully with a bit of paper before applying it to the hair, to prevent the accumulated smoke and soot from clogging the hair or turning it darker. If the hot iron charred the paper, to be sure it is too hot to apply to your hair.

There is no heavy knot or twist on top of the head in the new coiffure and the woman who has been relying upon a "switch" may joyfully cast it aside. If the natural hair is long and heavy the ends must be coiled flat on top of the head, near the crown and this coil will be covered when the ends at front and side are drawn over it and coiled in wavy effect. Remember that the contour is the thing - an unbroken line from nose to nape of neck, revealing the head in silhouette and not marred by protruding coils, figure-eights or puffs. The back hair usually formed into the French twist first; then the waved front and side locks are drawn back loosely and pinned into place. A handsome comb in the new one-sided shape is thrust in at all, toward one side of the back.

An example of the use of the comb is shown in an illustration, which



A well-placed comb finishes the modern hairstyle, also shows the very soft, indefinite arrangement of the hair, no coiling or knotting, but just a soft, lovely mass of hair that is bent and daintily without suggesting a tight arrangement anywhere. A front view of this coiffure shows the comb standing out toward one side and the more bent of a parting - really more like a natural "cowlick" than a made parting.

A more quickly arranged coiffure, suitable for day wear, is shown also. The back hair is twisted and made into a soft, loose figure-eight at the crown of the head. Then waved front and side locks are drawn backward and the ends tucked under the figure-eight.

Black Rooms the Fad

CHIC fashionistas this winter will give her guests afternoon tea in black wicker cups, set out on a tankwood table and in the center of the table will be a black jar filled with blonder red and yellow tulips, golden chrysanthemums or scarlet polyanthus. If she is a hostess who can afford to indulge her whims, she will have a whole black and white drawing-room for this is the ultra-fashional fad just now. Dyeing establishments show signs reading: "Have your rugs and carpets dyed black, we do it," and decorators are specializing in wall-papers of cloudy gray tones which accord artistically with white or black woodwork and black rugs and hangings.



The new Coiffure demands fluffy, well-curled tresses.

Cleaning a sponge dissolve half a cup of salt in a pint and half of water. Knead and rub the sponge well in this and then rinse.

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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Deborah sighed. Whether or not it was quite an honest expression of her feelings we will not inquire. She was there for a definite purpose and her way to it was, as yet, far from plain. The negative with which she followed up this sigh was one of nervous acceptance. She made haste, however, to qualify it.

"But I have not given up all hope. I know as well as any one how impossible the task must prove, unless I can light upon fresh evidence. And where am I to get that? Only from some new witness."

Miss Weeks' polite smile took on an expression of indulgence. This roused Deborah's pride, and, hesitating no longer, she anxiously remarked:

"I have sometimes thought that Oliver Ostrander might be that witness. He certainly was in the ravine the night Algernon Etheridge was struck down."

Had she been an experienced actress of years she could not have thrown into this question a greater lack of all meaning. Miss Weeks, already under her fascination, heard the tone but never thought to notice the quick rise and fall of her visitor's unceasing voice, and so unwarmed, responded with all due frankness:

"I know he was. But how will that help you? He had no testimony to give in relation to this crime, or he would have given it."

"That is true." The admission fell mechanically from Deborah's lips; she was not conscious, even of making it. Then, as her emotion choked her into silence, she set with piteous eyes searching Miss Weeks' face, till she had recovered her voice when she added this vital question:

"How did you know that Oliver was in the ravine that night? I only guessed it."

"Well, it was in this way. I do not often keep my eye on my neighbors (oh, no, Miss Weeks!), but that night I chanced to be looking over the way just at the minute Mr. Etheridge came out, and something I saw in his manner, and in that of the Judge who had followed him to the door, and in that of Oliver who, cap on head, was leaning towards them from a window over the porch, made me think that a controversy was going on between the two old people of which Oliver was the object. This naturally interested me, and I watched them long enough to see Oliver suddenly raise his hat and shake it at old Etheridge; then, in great rage, slam down the window and disappear inside. The next minute, and before the two below had done talking, I caught another glimpse of him as he dashed around the corner of the house on his way to the ravine."

"And Mr. Etheridge?"

"Oh, he left soon after. I watched him as he went by, his long cloak flapping in the wind. Little did I think he would never pass my window again."

So interested were they both, that neither for the moment realized the strangeness of the situation or that it was in connection with a crime for which the husband of one of them had suffered. They were raking up old past, and gazing over the pretty debris.

Mrs. Scoville sighed and said:

"It couldn't have been very long after you saw him that Mr. Etheridge was struck."

"Only some twenty minutes. It took just that long for a man to walk from this corner to the bridge."

"And you never heard where Oliver went?"

"It was never talked about at the time later, when some hint got about of his having been in the ravine that night, he said he had gone up the ravine, not down it. And we all believed him, madam."

"Of course, of course. What a discriminating mind you have, Miss Weeks, and what a wonderful memory! To think that after all these years you can recall that Oliver had a cap on his head when he looked out of the window at his father and Mr. Etheridge. If you were asked, I have no doubt you could tell its very color. Was it the peacock one?"

"Yes, I could swear to it." And Miss Weeks gave a little laugh, which sounded incongruous enough to Deborah, in whose heart at that moment the mystery had deepened.

"Must you go?" Deborah had risen mechanically. "Don't, I beg, till you have relieved my mind about Judge Ostrander. I don't suppose that there is really anything behind that door of his which it would alarm any one to see?"

Then, Deborah understood Miss Weeks.

But she was ready for her.

"I've never seen anything of the sort," said she, "and I make up my bed in that very room every morning."

"Oh! And Miss Weeks drew a deep breath. "No article of immense value, such as that rare old bit of real Satin in the cabinet over there?"

"No," answered Deborah, with all the patience she could muster. "Judge Ostrander seems very simple in his tastes. I doubt if he would know Satin if he saw it."

Miss Weeks' eyes were fixed on her.

over my shelves. So the double fence means nothing."

"A while," ejaculated Deborah, making quickly for the door. "The Judge likes to walk at night when quite through with his work; and he doesn't like this lawn now. There he steps out there every night."

"Well, it's something to know that he leads a more normal life now, forsooth," sighed the little lady as she prepared to usher her guest out.

"Come again, Mrs. Scoville; and, if I may, I will drop in and see you some new witness."

Deborah accorded her permission and made her final adieu. She felt as if a hand which had been stealing up her chest had suddenly gripped her throat, choking her. She had found the man who had cast that fatal shadow down the ravine, twelve years before.

CHAPTER X.

Anonymous Letters.

Deborah re-entered the Judge's house a streaked woman. She reached her room door and was about to enter, when at a sudden thought she paused and let her eyes wander down the hall till they settled on another door, the one she had closed behind her the night before, with the deep resolve never to open it again except under compulsion. A few minutes later she was stranding in one of the dim corners of Oliver's study room, reengaging a book which she had taken down from the shelves on her former visit. She remembered it from its torn back and the fact that it was an algebra. Turning to the fly leaf, she looked again at the names and schoolboy phrases she had seen scrawled all over its surface, for the one which she remembered, of course, was "I hate algebra."

It had not been a very clearly written "algebra," and she would never have given this interpretation to the scrawl, had she been in a better mood. Now another thought had come to her, and she wanted to see the word again. Was she glad or sorry to have yielded to this impulse, when by a closer inspection she perceived that the word was not "algebra" at all, but "Algernon, I hate A Etheridge—I hate A. E.—I hate Algernon E." all over the page, and here and there on other pages, sometimes in characters so rubbed and faint as to be almost unreadable and again so pressed into the paper by a vicious pencil point as to have broken their way through to the last underneath.

The work of an ill-conditioned schoolboy! but—this date dated back many years. Pulse throbbed over, and with hands trembling almost to the point of incapacity, she put the book back and flew to her own room, the prey of thoughts bitter almost to madness.

It was the second time in her life that she had been called upon to go through this preludio torture. Then, only her own happiness and honor were involved; now it was Reuther's; and the fortitude which sustained her through the ignominy of her own travail failed her at the prospect of Reuther's. And again, the two races were not equal. Her husband had had traits, in a manner, had prepared her for the ready suspicion of people. But Oliver was a man of reputation and kindly heart; and yet, in the course of time this had come, and the question once again lay her at whether Reuther was a fit mate for him and how evolved itself into this: Was he a mate for her?

She had rather have died, may, have had Reuther die, than to find herself forced to weigh and decide no momentous question.

For, however she might feel about it, not a single illusion remained as to whose hand had made use of John Scoville's stick to strike down Algernon Etheridge. How could she have when she came to piece the whole story together, and weigh the facts she had accumulated against Oliver with those which had proved so fatal to her husband?

Deborah shuddered. Ay, the mystery had cleared, but only to envelop her spirits unknown and make her long with all her bursting heart and shuddering soul that death had been her portion before ever she had essayed to lift the veil held down so tightly by these two remorseful men.

But was her faint remembrance? The only unanswerable connection between this old crime and Oliver lay in the evidence she had herself collected. She had every intention of suppressing this evidence, and as she had small dread of any one else digging out the facts to which she only possessed a clue, might she not hope that any suspicion raised by her inquiries would fall like a house of cards when she withdrew her hand from the toppling structure?

She would make her first effort and see. Mr. Black had heard her complaint; he should be the first to learn that the encouragement she had received was so small that she had decided to accept her present good luck without further query, and not harp back to a past which most people had soon these:

"Look over these. Do they look at all familiar?"

She glanced down at the crumpled sheets and half-sheets he had spread out before her. They were similar in appearance to the one she had picked up on the Judge's grounds, but the language was more forcible, as well as these:

"When a man is trusted to defend another on trial for his life, he's supposed to know his business. Now comes John

things, without thought and a due weighing of consequences. And now you propose to drop it in the same treacherous manner. Isn't that it?"

Deborah Scoville lifted her eyes in manifest distress and fixed them deprecatingly upon her interrogator.

"Mr. Black smiled. The woman delighted him. The admiration which he had hitherto felt for her person and for the character which could so develop through misery and reproach as to make her in twelve short years the exponent of all that was most attractive and bewitching in woman seemed likely to extend to her mind.

"I am reconciled simply from necessity," was her gentle response. "Nothing is more precious to me than Reuther's happiness. I should but endanger it further by raising false hopes. That is why I have come to you every night."

"Madam, I commend your decision. But why should you characterize your hopes as false, just when there seems to be some justification for them?"

Her eyes widened, and she regarded him with a simulation of surprise, which interested without impressing him.

"I do not understand you," said she. "Have you come upon some clue? Have you heard something which I have not?"

Mr. Black took two or three crushed and folded papers from a drawer beside him and, holding them, none too plainly in sight, remarked very quietly, but with legal firmness:

"Do not let us play about the bush any longer. You have announced your intention of making no further attempt to discover the man who in your eyes merited the doom accorded to John Scoville. Your only reason for this—if you are the woman I think you—lies in your fear of giving further opportunity to the misgivings, rancor or of an irresponsible writer of anonymous epistles. Am I not right, madam?"

Heaten beaten by a direct assault, because she possessed the weaknesses, as well as the pluck, of a woman. She could control the language of her lips, but not their quivering, she could meet his eye with steady assurance, but she could not keep the pallor from her cheeks or subdue the evidence of her heart's turmoil. Her pitiful glance acknowledged her defeat, which she already saw intruded into his eyes.

"Reuther, sit up here close by mother and let me talk to you for a little while."

"Yes, mother; oh, yes, mother."

Deborah felt the beloved head pressed close to her shoulder and two soft arms fall about her neck.

"Are you very unhappy? Is my little one playing too much for the old days?"

"Stuff, isn't it?" muttered the lawyer. "Never mind, we'll soon have hold of the writer." His face had taken on a much more serious aspect, and she could no longer complain of his indifference or even of his sarcasm.

"You will give me another opportunity of talking with you on this matter," pursued he. "If you do not come here you may expect to see me at Judge Ostrander's. I do not quite like the position into which you have

Scoville is in, without a thought before given to the man who hated a Etheridge like poison? I could name a certain chap who more than once in the old days boasted that he'd like to kill the fellow. And it wasn't Scoville or any one of his tow-down stamp either."

A high and mighty name shouldn't shield a man who sent a note, unfeignedly written to his death in order to save his bacon."

"Horribilis!" murmured Deborah, drawing back in terror of her own emotion. "It's the work of some implacable enemy taking advantage of the situation I have created. Mr. Black, this man must be found and made to see that no one will belittle, not even Scoville's widow."

"Then you needn't go any further with that," acknowledged the lawyer. "Have you any idea who this person is?"

"Not the least in the world."

"I ask because of this," he explained, picking out another letter and smilngly holding it out toward her. She read it with flushed cheeks.

"CHAPTER XI.

"Changes.

"Reuther, sit up here close by mother and let me talk to you for a little while."

"Yes, mother; oh, yes, mother."

Deborah felt the beloved head pressed close to her shoulder and two soft arms fall about her neck.

"Are you very unhappy? Is my little one playing too much for the old days?"

"Stuff, isn't it?" muttered the lawyer. "Never mind, we'll soon have hold of the writer." His face had taken on a much more serious aspect, and she could no longer complain of his indifference or even of his sarcasm.

"You will give me another opportunity of talking with you on this matter," pursued he. "If you do not come here you may expect to see me at Judge Ostrander's. I do not quite like the position into which you have

been thrown by these absurd insinuations. It may even lead to your losing the home which has been so fortunately opened for you. If this occurs you may count on my friendship, Mrs. Scoville. I may have failed you once, but I will not fail you twice."

Surprised, almost touched, she held out her hand, with a cordial "Thank you," in which emotion struggled with her desire to preserve an appearance of composure, as well as of gratitude, mother. She waited till the moment when, her work all done, she was about to leave his presence. Pausing till she caught his eye, which seemed a little death, she thought, to look her way, she observed, with perhaps unconscious, early distinctness:

"I hope everything is to your mind, Judge Ostrander. I should be very sorry not to make you as comfortable as is possible under the circumstances."

"Then you will not think me unkind or even unfeeling if I say that every loving thought you give now to Oliver is hurtful both to yourself and to me. Don't indulge in them, my darling. Put your heart into work or into music, and your mother will bless you. Won't it help you to know this, Reuther? Your mother, who has had griefs, will bless you."

"Mother, mother!"

The next morning found Deborah pale—almost as pale as Reuther, knowing his cause herself, she did not invite the Judge's inquiries; and another day passed. With the following morning she felt strong enough to open the conversation which had now become necessary for her peace of mind.

"She waited till the moment when, her work all done, she was about to leave his presence. Pausing till she caught his eye, which seemed a little death, she thought, to look her way, she observed, with perhaps unconscious, early distinctness:

"I hope everything is to your mind, Judge Ostrander. I should be very sorry not to make you as comfortable as is possible under the circumstances."

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"Mother, mother!"

It was a plain dismissal. Mrs. Scoville took it as such, and quietly left the room. As she did so she was approached by Reuther, who handed her a letter which had just been delivered, by Mr. Black, and read this:

"We have found the paper and have succeeded in inducing him to leave town. He's a man in the bit-sticking business and he owns a grievance against the person we know.

Deborah's sleep that night was with dreams.

About this time the restless pacing of the Judge in his study at nights became more frequent and lasted longer. In vain Reuther played her most cheerful airs and sang her sweetest songs, the monotonous tramp kept up with a regularity nothing could break.

"He's worried by the big case now being tried before him," Deborah would say, when Reuther's eyes grew wide and misty in her sympathetic trouble. And there was no improbability in the plea, for it was a case of much moment, and of great local interest. A man was on trial for his life and the circumstances of the case were such that the feeling called forth was unusually bitter; so much so, indeed, that every word uttered by the counsel and every decision made by the judge were discussed from one end of the county to the other, and in Shirley, if nowhere else, too, preceded by a few torn scraps of paper whose familiarity ran high.

The more thoughtful spirits were inclined to believe in the innocence of the prisoner; but the lower elements of the town, moved by class prejudice, were bitterly antagonistic to his cause.

The time of Judge Ostrander's office was nearly up, and his future continuance on the bench might very easily depend upon his attitude at the present hearing. Yet he, without apparent recognition of this fact, showed without any hesitancy or possibly without self-consciousness, the sympathy he felt for the man at the bar, and ruled accordingly almost without variation.

A week passed, and the community was all agog in anticipation of the judge's charge in the case just mentioned. It was to be given at noon, and Mrs. Scoville, conscious that he had not slept an hour the night before (having crept down more than once to listen if his step had ceased), approached him as he prepared to leave for the courtroom and anxiously asked if he were quite well.

"Oh, yes, I'm well," he responded sharply, looking about for Reuther.

"Reuther is a girl after my own heart."

"She's a girl after my own heart," he said, smiling. "She's a girl after my own heart."

"She's a girl after my own heart," he said, smiling. "She's a girl after my own heart."

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